JULIUS CAESAR

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T4-APV-099

Julius Caesar

William Shakespeare

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar

Textual Editor

Paul Bertram

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

Series Editors

Robert Atwan

Jon Roberts

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE

Quality Paperback Book Club

New York

Copyright © 1997
by Robert Atwan, Paul Bertram, and Jon Roberts

No part of this book may be reproduced
or transmitted in any form or by
any means, electronic or mechanical,
including photocopying, recording, or by
any information storage and retrieval system,
without permission in writing from the editors.

Book design and TEX implementation
by Frederick H. Bartlett

Cover design by Suzy Sureck

Quality Paperback Book Club
1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

Printed in the United States of America

Introduction: Shakespeare's Political Thriller

EVER SINCE ITS first performances at the newly constructed Globe theater in the autumn of 1599, *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* has remained one of Shakespeare's most popular plays. The reasons for its popularity are readily apparent. Not only does *Julius Caesar* vividly reenact one of history's most chilling episodes, but it also contains—as one commentator has suggested—all the elements of a "political thriller." That the play manages to create suspense when everyone in the audience knows the outcome is, of course, part of its theatrical achievement. The assassination of the fifty-six-year-old Caesar comes as no surprise to us; what keeps us in a state of suspense is the way the dynamics of political power keep shifting as the principal characters argue, bicker, and squabble for control. At times, Caesar, Brutus, Antony, Cassius, and Octavius seem less interested in governing Rome than in dominating each other. Though an empire is at stake, the world of the play is a very small one, where personal relationships loom large. The key members of this tightly knit ruling elite know one another intimately. The subject of their conversations is rarely about matters of state but almost always concerns one another, as though no separation between politics and personalities existed. In Shakespeare's Rome, the political *is* the personal.

As the play opens, Caesar is about to enter Rome in triumph after having just defeated the sons of Pompey the Great at

Munda in Spain. Civil War had broken out several years earlier, when Caesar crossed the Rubicon and went up against his former ally, the highly esteemed Pompey. After a year and a half of hard fighting, Caesar crushed Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia in 48 B.C. For many, Pompey's defeat was anxiously viewed as a setback for republicanism, a political fear that was reinforced by Caesar's apparent reluctance to restore Rome's constitutional government after his victory at Munda. Fears were further awakened by the numerous honors heaped upon Caesar by the Senate and populace, by statuary depicting him as a "demi-god," by cries of "Rex," and finally by the offer of a crown. Though Caesar refused the crown and the name of king, a sizable number of Rome's republican elite were sufficiently alarmed by the prospect of tyranny to take action. Shakespeare's tragedy opens with a conspiracy about to take shape, as the ringleader Caius Cassius plots his "enterprise / Of honorable dangerous consequence."

Shakespeare gathered nearly all of the play's historical and political information from a single source—Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, a series of biographical essays written in Greek some one hundred and fifty years after Caesar's assassination. One of the most influential books in the formation of the Western canon, the *Lives* had been newly translated into French in 1559 by Jacques Amyot. Shakespeare's source was a brilliant English translation of Amyot's version prepared by Sir Thomas North in 1579. While composing *Julius Caesar*, Shakespeare specifically relied on the individual lives of Caesar, Brutus, and Antony.

In Plutarch, Shakespeare found his major characters and his tragedy's central motive. As Plutarch reports, "the chiefest cause" that made Caesar "mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king, which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill will." Shakespeare wastes no time in establishing this motive. In the opening scene, two Roman tribunes deplore

Caesar's ambitions as they attempt to disperse a crowd all too eager "to rejoice in his triumph." Plutarch further reports that this triumphant entrance was also a political sore point, for "the Triumph he made into Rome ... did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before; because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man in Rome, whom fortune had overthrown." This political antagonism toward Caesar is powerfully expressed early in the angry speeches of the tribunes, who will soon be "put to silence" for stripping Caesar's statues of triumphal adornments. Though the tribunes may have been part of Pompey's disgruntled party, Shakespeare nevertheless dramatically establishes an open hostility toward Caesar before he introduces us to Caesar himself.

At times Shakespeare depends on North's Plutarch so closely that the result is almost a verbatim transposition of biographical prose into dramatic poetry. It seems quite likely (unless Shakespeare possessed a photographic memory) that he wrote a number of passages with his Plutarch propped open before him. A single example will suffice to show the nature of Shakespeare's indebtedness. Towards the end of his "Life of Marcus Brutus," Plutarch reports that the captured Lucilius—one of Brutus's friends and supporters—boldly says to the victorious Mark Antony after the battle of Pharsalia:

> Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive; and I beseech God keep him from that fortune. For wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.

Shakespeare barely alters the phrasing when his Lucilius says to Antony near the end of the play:

> I dare assure thee that no enemy
> Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.

> The gods defend him from so great a shame.
> When you do find him, or alive or dead,
> He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
>
> (V.4.22–26)

Though this is by far the most extensive borrowing, there are many other such echoes: the Soothsayer's warning about the Ides of March; Caesar's fear of lean and hungry men; Portia's emotional appeal to Brutus; Cassius's speech before the battle of Philippi. Anyone who reads North's translation will quickly observe that Shakespeare had no qualms about lifting expressions directly from Plutarch.

On the other hand, neither did Shakespeare worry about departing from his key source when he felt the need. Sometimes he makes up details and anecdotes; there is no record that Caesar was deaf in one ear, that he unsuccessfully challenged Cassius to a swimming race in a turbulent Tiber, or that he uttered "Et tu, Brutè?" before he died. At other times Shakespeare takes only a hint from Plutarch and expands it to suit his own dramatic purposes. Plutarch barely describes the Forum orations of Brutus and Antony; Shakespeare transforms these few details into the turning point of the tragedy. Both speeches are entirely Shakespeare's creation.

Invented, too, is the play's time scheme. Caesar returned triumphantly from Munda in October 45 B.C. and was not assassinated until March 15, 44 B.C. Shakespeare compresses those five months of dictatorship into thirty days, beginning with the Feast of the Lupercal on February 15. And even within that narrower time frame, Shakespeare accelerates the pace so rapidly that everything appears to be happening within just a few days. If the compression of time seems dizzying to the audience, it is equally confusing to Brutus, who is seen on the very eve of the assassination unable to remember what day of the month it is. After the assassination, time seems to rush by just as swiftly, though in actuality Brutus did not take his own life until his

defeat at Philippi in October 42 B.C., some two and a half years after Caesar's death.

In addition to the accelerated time scheme, the play's numerous indirect and confusing reports further enhance the overall suspense. We are continually subjected to repeated accounts and interpretations of the same event. Our knowledge of Caesar's desire to be crowned depends wholly on indirect evidence. We hear the shouts of the crowd and Brutus's worried interpretation, but our knowledge of what transpired comes only from the co-conspirator Casca's sour report and imitative gestures: "Why there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a-shouting." Casca actually provides two accounts; his terse report is immediately followed by a more elaborate and qualified description: Caesar wasn't really offered a crown but a coronet, Casca adds the second time, and "to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it." Reports and interpretations are sometimes correct, and sometimes disastrously wrong. Caesar does not necessarily impress us with his powers of perception. He is right to conclude from Cassius' "lean and hungry look" that he is "dangerous," but is badly mistaken when, after demanding to see the "face" of the Soothsayer, he concludes that the man "is a dreamer." He also makes a fatal mistake when he rejects Calpurnia's interpretation of her nightmare and accepts Decius' flattering explanation instead.

Problems of interpretation extend likewise to gestures and facial expressions—what we now call "body language"—as the characters struggle to understand one another. Even before Casca's report of the ceremony, Brutus notices that the "angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow" and that the rest of his entourage look angry and rebuked. Cassius misconstrues Brutus's expression at their first encounter, but Portia from his gestures alone can easily see that her husband is troubled. Last night at supper, she tells Brutus,

You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me, with ungentle looks.
I urged you further, then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you.

(II.1.251–259)

Body *language* proves to be an extremely apt expression, since gestures and actions are often described verbally. Brutus ends his late-night conversation with Portia by assuring her that he will eventually inform her of "All the charactery" (i.e., handwriting) of his "sad brows." On a different note, when Casca first stabs Caesar he exclaims: "Speak hands for me!" and inflicts wounds that Antony will later describe as "poor poor dumb mouths" which speak to the crowd more eloquently than he does.

The interpretations of gesture and action can have momentous consequences. Shortly before the assassination, Cassius erroneously believes one of the Senators has discovered the plot and is about to approach Caesar. It is a tense moment, but as the Senator speaks privately to Caesar, Brutus watches their expressions closely and assures Cassius that nothing has been revealed. At the battle of Philippi, however, a tragic misinterpretation of shouts and gestures in the field turns victory into defeat and impels Cassius to kill himself in despair. "Oh hateful Error," cries Messala when he sees Cassius's body. "Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!" laments Titinius, before he takes his own life. The wise Cicero—an influential senator and orator—speaks only a few lines, but what he says is pertinent to the entire tragedy: "But men may construe things after their fashion, / Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

It is tempting to consider how the problems of accurate

interpretation can extend to an audience's response to the play as a whole. Is *Julius Caesar* about a great patriot and liberator whose attempt to nip tyranny in the bud results in tragedy? Or is the play about a gang of butchers who cruelly and irresponsibly murder one of history's greatest figures? Does Shakespeare agree with Dante, who assigned Brutus and Cassius (along with Judas) to the innermost circle of Hell? Or is Brutus truly, as Antony says of him at the end, "the noblest Roman of them all"? Commentary and performance throughout the centuries have displayed such a wide spectrum of opinion about the play's political message that we may want to be cautious about coming to any polarized conclusion. Shakespeare presents his characters from so many different perspectives it is hard to be certain that any particular viewpoint is the "right" one. What Coleridge said of another of Shakespeare's Roman plays, *Coriolanus*, may also be said of *Caesar*: it "illustrates the wonderful philosophic impartiality of Shakespeare's politics."

For many readers, the play's title has never seemed wholly suitable: it might just as well have been called *The Tragedy of Marcus Brutus*. Caesar plays a minor role compared to Brutus or, for that matter, to Cassius and Antony; in fact, Caesar's speaking part is not much greater than Casca's, and Caesar is dead before the play is half over. In terms of continuous stage presence, Brutus enjoys the most impressive role in the play—he has by far the greatest number of lines, he appears in the most scenes, and is involved in the most exchanges of dialogue. Furthermore, we get closer to Brutus' consciousness than we do any of the other characters, as we hear him think aloud in mentally agitated states that anticipate the inner conflicts of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. In comparison, Antony is barely present in the play's first two acts and his total number of lines is less than half of what Shakespeare allots Brutus. Yet, Antony's loyalty to Caesar and his funeral address (despite its cynically calculated rhetoric) are so compelling that many actors in our time would rather play the manipulative but successful Antony than the

failed but noble Brutus. To contemporary audiences, Brutus is likely to seem too detached and self-restrained to be attractive. For actors and directors—and for all those who claim to hate tyranny—interpreting the role of Brutus surely poses one of Shakespeare's toughest dramatic challenges.

Robert Atwan

Julius Caesar

The Names of the Actors

Julius Caesar
Calpurnia, his wife

Marcus Brutus,
Caius Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Caius Liguarius,
} conspirators against Caesar

Portia, wife of Marcus Brutus
Lucius, boy attending on Brutus

Mark Antony,
Octavius Caesar,
Lepidus,
} rulers of Rome after Caesar's death

Flavius,
Murellus,
} tribunes of the people

Cicero,
Publius,
Popilius Lena,
} senators

Lucilius,
Messala,
Titinius,
Young Cato,
Volumnius,
Flavio,
Labeo,
Claudio,
Varrus,
Clitus,
Strato,
Dardanius.
} followers of Brutus and Cassius

Ghost of Caesar
Soothsayer
Artemidorus
Cinna the Poet
Another Poet
Pindarus, servant to Cassius
Carpenter
Cobbler
Messenger

Soldiers, Servants, Attendants, Other Senators, Other Plebeians

Scene: *At first Rome, then near Sardis, later near Philippi*

Julius Caesar

I.1

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners (including a Carpenter and a Cobbler) over the stage.

FLAVIUS Hence! Home you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
Being mechanical,° you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign°
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER Why sir, a carpenter.

MURELLUS Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You sir, what trade are you?

COBBLER Truly sir, in respect of a fine workman,° I am but as you would say, a cobbler.°

MURELLUS But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

COBBLER A trade sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed sir, a mender of bad soles.

MURELLUS What trade thou knave? Thou naughty° knave, what trade?

3 mechanical *of the artisan class*
4 sign *garb (like the "leather apron" of the carpenter)*
10 in respect of a fine workman *in comparison with a skilled craftsman*
11 cobbler *(a) a clumsy botcher; (b) a shoe repairman*
15 naughty *good-for-nothing*

COBBLER Nay I beseech you sir, be not out with me;° yet if you be out° sir, I can mend you.

MURELLUS What meanst thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

COBBLER Why sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER Truly sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all—I am indeed sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather° have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS But wherefore art not in thy shop today? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER Truly sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.°

MURELLUS Wherefore rejoice?
What conquest° brings he home?
What tributaries° follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Oh you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

17 out with me *angry with me*
18 if you be out *if your shoes are worn out*
27 neat's leather *cowhide*
33 triumph *triumphal procession* (*celebrating his victory over the sons of Pompey—Caesar's former-ally-turned-enemy—in his last military campaign, 45* B.C.)
35 conquest (*i.e., over foreign nations; Caesar's present victory is in a civil war*)
36 tributaries *captives* (*who must pay "tribute"—ransom—for their release*)

Knew you not Pompey?° Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication° of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit° the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort.
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.°

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See whe'er their basest mettle° be not moved.
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

40 Pompey (*Flavius and Murellus, tribunes supposed to represent the common people, are instead identified as disgruntled followers of Caesar's defeated enemy*)
49 replication *reverberation*
57 intermit *ward off*
63 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all *swells to its highest flood level*
64 whe'er their basest mettle *whether even their vulgar character*

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images°
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.°

MURELLUS May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.°

FLAVIUS It is no matter. Let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets.
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,°
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt.*

I.2

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Antony (girt for the course°), Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; Soothsayer and Citizens; after them Murellus and Flavius.

CAESAR Calpurnia.

CASCA Peace ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR Calpurnia.

CALPURNIA Here my lord.

67 images *statues*
68 ceremonies *triumphal wreaths and garlands*
70 the feast of Lupercal (*a spring fertility festival similar to May Day, celebrated on February 15 of the Roman calendar*)
76 an ordinary pitch *at an ordinary height*

0 s.d. girt for the course *stripped to a loincloth in readiness for the foot race*

CAESAR Stand you directly in Antonio's way
When he doth run his course. Antonio.

ANTONY Caesar, my lord.

CAESAR Forget not, in your speed, Antonio,
To touch Calpurnia;° for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY I shall remember.
When Caesar says, "do this," it is performed.

CAESAR Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

SOOTHSAYER Caesar!

CAESAR Ha? Who calls?

CASCA Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again!

CAESAR Who is it in the press° that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music
Cry "Caesar!" Speak; Caesar is turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides° of March.

CAESAR What man is that?

BRUTUS A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR Set him before me, let me see his face.

CASSIUS Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Caesar.

CAESAR What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR He is a dreamer, let us leave him. Pass.

9 To touch Calpurnia (*in the religious race held as part of the Lupercal celebration the naked male runners carried goat-skin thongs with which, as a fertility charm, they touched barren women who placed themselves in their path*)
18 press *crowd*
21 ides *middle day of the month* (*in March the 15th day*)

Sennet.° Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

CASSIUS Will you go see the order of the course?°

BRUTUS Not I.

CASSIUS I pray you do.

BRUTUS I am not gamesome.° I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires.
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend° that loves you.

BRUTUS Cassius,
Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,°
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely° upon myself. Vexèd I am
Of late with passions of some difference,°
Conceptions only proper to myself,°
Which give some soil,° perhaps, to my behaviors.
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

28 s.d. Sennet *trumpet flourish*
29 the order of the course *how the race is conducted*
32 gamesome *fond of games*
39–40 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand | Over your friend *you are too rigid and too cool with me (the language is from horsemanship, with the "hand" on a rein)*
42 veiled my look *been reticent with you*
44 Merely *entirely*
45 passions of some difference *strong and conflicting emotions*
46 only proper to myself *of concern only to me*
47 soil *stain*

Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried°
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS No, Cassius;
For the eye sees not itself but by reflection,
By some other things.

CASSIUS 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow.°
I have heard,
Where many of the best respect° in Rome—
Except immortal Caesar—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS Into what dangers would you lead me Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS Therefore good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass,°
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

54 this breast of mine hath buried *I have kept to myself*
64 shadow *reflection*
66 best respect *most highly regarded*
75 glass *mirror*

And be not jealous on me,° gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester;° if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal° them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout,° then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and shout.

BRUTUS What means this shouting?
I do fear, the people choose Caesar
For their king.

CASSIUS Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS I would not Cassius, yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;°
For let the gods so speed me° as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

78 jealous on me *suspicious of me*
79–81 did use | To stale with ordinary oaths my love | To every new protester *were accustomed to giving my friendship to anyone who merely declares himself my friend*
83 scandal *slander*
84–85 profess myself in banqueting | To all the rout *declare my friendship to all the crowd at drinking parties*
96 indifferently *impartially*
97 speed me *help me prosper*

As well as I do know your outward favor.°
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be,° as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.°
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with° her shores,
Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou Cassius now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered° as I was, I plungèd in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.°
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, "Help me Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Aeneas,° our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tirèd Caesar. And this man

100 favor *appearance*
104 as lief not be *rather not live at all*
105 such a thing as I myself *another man who is merely mortal like myself*
110 chafing with *raging against*
114 Accoutered *dressed (in armor)*
118 stemming it with hearts of controversy *making headway against the current in our keen spirit of competition*
121 Aeneas *(son of Anchises and hero of Troy who escaped from the Greek conquerors and later went on to found Rome)*

Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit° was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,°
And that same eye whose bend° doth awe the world
Did lose his luster; I did hear him groan—
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas," it cried, "give me some drink Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start° of the majestic world
And bear the palm° alone.

Flourish, and shout.

BRUTUS Another general shout?
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.

CASSIUS Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus,° and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates.

129 fit *period of chills*
131 coward lips did from their color fly *lips lost their color* (*like cowardly soldiers abandoning their flag*)
132 bend *glance*
139 get the start *get ahead* (*in the race for power*)
140 palm *wreath of palms, the victor's prize*
145 Colossus (*the Colossus, a bronze Apollo over 100 feet high erected at Rhodes in the 3rd century* B.C., *reportedly had legs that spanned the city harbor*)

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
"Brutus" and "Caesar": what should be in that "Caesar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name.
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy. Conjure with 'em,°
"Brutus" will start a spirit° as soon as "Caesar."
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,°
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,°
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once° that would have brooked
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as° a king.

BRUTUS That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;°

155 Conjure with 'em *use them as magic words to call up spirits*
156 start a spirit *startle so as to raise a ghost*
161 the great flood (*alluding to a flood at the dawn of time when Deucalion, like Noah, was the only man spared by Zeus*)
165 Rome indeed, and room enough (*"Rome" was pronounced more like "room" than like "roam" in the dialect of Shakespeare's London*)
168 a Brutus once (*Lucius Junius Brutus, ancestor of Marcus, who helped found the Roman Republic in 509* B.C.)
170 As easily as *as soon as tolerate*
171 am nothing jealous *do not doubt*

What you would work me to, I have some aim;°
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
Be any further moved.° What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet° to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Enter Caesar and his train.

BRUTUS The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS I will do so. But look you Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.°
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret° and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference° by some senators.

172 I have some aim *I can already guess*
176 moved *urged*
179 meet *fitting*
193 like a chidden train *as if they had all been rebuked by their leader*
195 ferret *ferret-like (with intensely red eyes)*
197 crossed in conference *opposed in discussion*

CASSIUS Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR Antonio.

ANTONY Caesar.

CAESAR Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

ANTONY Fear him not Caesar, he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.°

CAESAR Would he were fatter. But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds° of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost Antony; he hears no music.
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and his train, all but Casca.

CASCA You pulled me by the cloak, would you speak with me?

BRUTUS Ay Casca, tell us what hath chanced today

206 well given *well disposed*
212 through the deeds *i.e., into the underlying motives*

That Caesar looks so sad.°

CASCA Why you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA Why there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS What was the second noise for?

CASCA Why for that too.

CASSIUS They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

CASCA Why for that too.

BRUTUS Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA Ay, marry,° was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

CASSIUS Who offered him the crown?

CASCA Why Antony.

BRUTUS Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown, yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;° and as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain° have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by, and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands,

227 sad *sober, reflective*
238 marry *indeed* (*a mild oath, originally "by the Virgin Mary"*)
247 coronets *small* (*inferior*) *crowns*
248 fain *willingly*

and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had, almost, choked Caesar; for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS But soft I pray you; what, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA He fell down in the market place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS 'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness.°

CASSIUS No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

BRUTUS What said he, when he came unto himself?

CASCA Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet° and offered them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation,° if I would not have taken him at a word° I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood cried, "Alas, good soul," and forgave him with all their hearts.

262 the falling sickness *epilepsy*
272–273 plucked me ope his doublet *plucked open (the neck of) his jacket*
274 And I had been a man of any occupation *if I had been a worker (i.e., one of the working-class crowd to whom Caesar offered his throat to cut)*
275 taken him at a word *instantly done as he said*

But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS And after that he came thus sad away?

CASCA Ay.

CASSIUS Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS To what effect?

CASCA Nay, and° I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Murellus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.° Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA No, I am promised forth.°

CASSIUS Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS Good; I will expect you.

CASCA Do so. Farewell both. *Exit.*

BRUTUS What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle° when he went to school.

CASSIUS So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,

288 and *if*

293 put to silence *suppressed* (*according to Plutarch they were deprived of public office, although "put to death" is the deliberately lurid undertone of Casca's rhetoric*)

296 I am promised forth *I have another engagement*

303 quick mettle *sharp, lively*

However he puts on this tardy form.°
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRUTUS And so it is.
For this time I will leave you.
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS I will do so. Till then, think of the world.°
Exit Brutus.
Well Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed.° Therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard,° but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me.° I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glancèd° at.
And after this, let Caesar seat him sure,°
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. *Exit.*

306 tardy form *slow-witted pose*
315 the world *i.e., these strange times*
318 From that it is disposed *away from its natural inclination*
321 doth bear me hard *dislikes me*
323 humor me *bring me around*
328 glancèd *hinted*
329 seat him sure *seat himself firmly in control*

I.3

Thunder and lightning. Enter (from opposite sides) Casca and Cicero.

CICERO Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

CASCA Are not you moved when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? Oh Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived° the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides—I ha' not since put up° my sword—
Against° the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed° upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap° a hundred ghastly women,

6 rived *split*
19 put up *sheathed*
20 Against *opposite*
21 glazed *stared*
22–23 drawn | Upon a heap *assembled into a throng*

Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night° did sit,
Even at noon day, upon the market place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet,° let not men say
"These are their reasons,° they are natural,"
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate° that they point upon.

CICERO Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time.
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose° of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA He doth; for he did bid Antonio
Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO Good night then, Casca;
This disturbèd sky is not to walk in.

CASCA Farewell Cicero. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

CASSIUS Who's there?

CASCA A Roman.

CASSIUS Casca, by your voice.

CASCA Your ear is good.
Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

26 bird of night *screech-owl (regarded as a bird of ill omen)*
28–29 prodigies | Do so conjointly meet *monstrous events happen together in this way*
30 reasons *i.e., rational explanations*
32 climate *region*
35 Clean from the purpose *quite contrary to the real meaning*

CASSIUS Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbracèd,° Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;°
And when the cross° blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS You are dull, Casca;
And those sparks of life that should be in a Roman
You do want,° or else you use not.
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
But if you would consider the true cause—
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,°
Why old men, fools, and children calculate,°
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formèd° faculties,
To monstrous° quality—why, you shall find

52 unbracèd *(with doublet) unfastened*
53 thunder-stone *thunderbolt*
54 cross *zigzag, criss-cross*
63 want *lack*
69 from quality and kind *against their character and nature*
70 calculate *work out predictions*
72 pre-formèd *inherited*
73 monstrous *unnatural*

That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA 'Tis Caesar that you mean.
Is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews° and limbs, like to their ancestors;
But—woe the while!—our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance° show us womanish.

CASCA Indeed, they say, the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land
In every place save here in Italy.

CASSIUS I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein,° ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

87 thews *sinews*
90 yoke and sufferance *oppression and tame acceptance*
97 Therein *i.e., in suicide by dagger*

If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

CASCA So can I.
So every bondman° in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.°
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, oh grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering° tell-tale. Hold, my hand.
Be factious° for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

They shake hands.

CASSIUS There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already

108 bondman *slave*
113 hinds *timid deer*
124 fleering *sneering*
125 Be factious *organize a faction*

Some certain of the noblest minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's Porch;° for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favored like° the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

CASCA Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS No, it is Casca, one incorporate
To° our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CINNA I am glad on't.°
What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

CINNA Yes, you are. Oh Cassius,
If you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party—

CASSIUS Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,

133–134 by this they stay for me | In Pompey's Porch *by now they are waiting for me at the portico of Pompey's Theater* (*erected by Pompey the Great in 55* B.C.)
136–137 the complexion of the element | Is favored like *the condition of the sky resembles*
143–144 incorporate | To *intimately bound up with*
145 glad on't *i.e., that Casca has joined us*

And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,°
Where Brutus may but find it. And throw this
In at his window. Set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue.° All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS That done, repair to Pompey's Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

CASCA Oh he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance,° like richest alchemy,°
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.° Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. *Exeunt.*

153 praetor's chair (*the praetors were justices of Rome's highest court; Brutus was chief praetor*)
156 old Brutus' statue *i.e., of the ancestor of Marcus referred to at I.2.168*
169 countenance *show of approval*
169 alchemy *the practice that sought to transform base materials into precious ones*
172 right well conceited *imagined correctly and impressively*

II.1

Enter Brutus in his orchard.

BRUTUS What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day. Lucius I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When Lucius, when? Awake, I say; what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS Called you, my Lord?

BRUTUS Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS I will, my Lord. *Exit.*

BRUTUS It must be by his death; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at° him,
But for the general.° He would be crowned.
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves° wary walking. Crown him that,°
And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse° from power. And to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed°
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof°

11 spurn at *attack*
12 the general *i.e., the general good of the people*
15 craves *calls for*
15 Crown him that *i.e., king*
19 Remorse *compassion*
20 affections swayed *emotions held sway*
21 common proof *matter of common experience*

That lowliness° is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees°
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no color° for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,°
Would run to these and these extremities.
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatched, would as his kind° grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS The taper burneth in your closet,° sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Gives him the letter.

BRUTUS Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not tomorrow, boy, the first of March?

LUCIUS I know not sir.

BRUTUS Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS I will, sir. *Exit.*

BRUTUS The exhalations° whizzing in the air

22 lowliness *the appearance of humility*
26 base degrees *(a) lower rungs; (b) persons of lesser status*
28–29 the quarrel | Will bear no color *the case (against Caesar) will not support any appearance of justice*
30 augmented *i.e., by the addition of the crown*
33 as his kind *like others of his species*
35 closet *private room*
44 exhalations *meteors*

Give so much light that I may read by them.
Opens the letter and reads.
"Brutus thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself:
Shall Rome, et cetera. Speak, strike, redress."
"Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake."
Such instigations have been often dropped,
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, et cetera." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin° drive when he was called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress." Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? Oh Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition° at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knock within.

BRUTUS 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
Exit Lucius.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion,° all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council,° and the state of a man,

54 The Tarquin *i.e., the last Tarquin King, whose expulsion in 510 B.C. was followed by the establishment of the Republic*
58 Thy full petition *all that you ask*
64 first motion *initial impulse*
66–67 The genius and the mortal instruments | Are then in council *the guiding spirit and the human faculties (for executing its decisions) are then in a continuous debate*

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS Sir, 'tis your brother° Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS Is he alone?

LUCIUS No, sir, there are more with him.

BRUTUS Do you know them?

LUCIUS No, sir, their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

BRUTUS Let 'em enter. *Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. Oh conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability.
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,°
Not Erebus° itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.°

Enter the Conspirators: Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

CASSIUS I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow Brutus, do we trouble you?

70 brother *brother-in-law (Cassius had married Junia, Brutus' sister)*
86 path, thy native semblance on *walk about, with your native "monstrous visage" (line 84) visible*
87 Erebus *the dark region through which shades of the dead must pass on their way to Hades*
88 prevention *being forestalled*

BRUTUS I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS He is welcome too.

CASSIUS This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS They are all welcome.
What watchful cares° do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS Shall I entreat a word?

Brutus and Cassius whisper aside.

DECIUS Here lies the east. Doth not the day break here?

CASCA No.

CINNA Oh pardon sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret° the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.°
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

103 watchful cares *worries that keep you awake*
109 fret *cast a fretwork pattern on*
112–113 growing on the south, | Weighing the youthful season of the year *filling the southern sky, taking into account the fact that it is early in the year*

He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS (*coming forward*) Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS No, not an oath. If not the face of men,°
The sufferance° of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,°
And every man hence to his idle bed,
So let high-sighted° tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery.° But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word°
And will not palter?° And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall° for it?
Swear° priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,°
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls

119 the face of men *the (downcast) appearance of Romans (resulting from the prevalent evils)*
120 sufferance *suffering*
121 betimes *at once*
123 high-sighted *observing (haughtily) from above*
124 by lottery *by chance (the whim of Caesar)*
130 secret Romans that have spoke the word *being Romans who have privately given our word of honor*
131 palter *equivocate*
133 fall *die*
134 Swear *bind by oath*
134 men cautelous *devious men*

That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue° of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive° mettle of our spirits,
To think that or° our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several° bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

CASSIUS But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?°
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA Let us not leave him out.

CINNA No, by no means.

METELLUS CIMBER Oh let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands.
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS Oh name him not. Let us not break° with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

CASSIUS Then leave him out.

CASCA Indeed he is not fit.

138 even virtue *steadfast honor*
139 insuppressive *insuppressible*
140 that or *that either*
143 several *separate*
146 sound him *find out how he feels*
156 break *broach the matter*

DECIUS Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

CASSIUS Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver.° And you know, his means,
If he improve them,° may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
Oh that we then could come by° Caesar's spirit
And not dismember Caesar! But alas,
Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully:
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants° to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;°
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

165 A shrewd contriver *a mischievous schemer*
165–166 his means, | If he improve them *his resources, if he make the best use of them*
176 come by *get hold of*
183 their servants *i.e., the hands that must perform the killing*
185 envious *filled with malice*

For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted° love he bears to Caesar—

BRUTUS Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself—take thought,° and die for Caesar;
And that were much° he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREBONIUS There is no fear° in him. Let him not die,
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

BRUTUS Peace! Count the clock.

CASSIUS The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth today or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion° he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.°
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers°
May hold him from the Capitol today.

DECIUS Never fear that. If he be so resolved,

192 ingrafted *firmly implanted*
195 take thought *become despondent*
196 were much *would be surprising if*
198 no fear *nothing to fear*
206 from the main opinion *different from the strong opinion*
207 ceremonies *portents*
210 augurers *priests who professed to foretell events from omens*

I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees°
And bears with glasses,° elephants with holes,°
Lions with toils,° and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flatterèd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,°
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?°

CINNA Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS CIMBER Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,°
Who rated° him for speaking well of Pompey.
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS Now good Metellus, go along by him.
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.
Send him but hither and I'll fashion him.°

CASSIUS The morning comes upon's.
We'll leave you, Brutus;
And friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

214 betrayed with trees (*by being tricked into running their horn into the trunk, thence easily captured*)
215 glasses *mirrors*
215 holes *pits*
216 toils *nets*
220 give his humor the true bent *incline his mood in the proper orientation*
223 uttermost *latest*
225 doth bear Caesar hard *feels ill will toward Caesar*
226 rated *berated*
230 fashion him *mold him to our purpose*

BRUTUS Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on° our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy;°
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures° nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

PORTIA Brutus, my lord.

BRUTUS Portia! What mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;°
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me, with ungentle looks.
I urged you further, then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafture° of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,

236 put on *display*
238 formal constancy *dignified self-possession*
242 figures *pictures in your mind*
252 across *folded (a sign of melancholy)*
258 wafture *waving away*

Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal°
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,°
Which sometime hath his° hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,°
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS Why so I do. Good Portia go to bed.

PORTIA Is Brutus sick? And is it physical°
To walk unbracèd,° and suck up the humors°
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,°
And tempt the rheumy° and unpurgèd° air
To add unto his sickness? No my Brutus,
You have some sick offense° within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of; (*kneeling*) and upon my knees

261 withal *at the same time*
262 an effect of humor *a sign of a passing mood*
263 his *its*
266 condition *mental disposition*
273 physical *healthful*
274 unbracèd *with doublet unfastened* (*exposed to the weather*)
274 suck up the humors *absorb the moistures*
277 contagion of the night (*night air was thought to be poisonous*)
278 rheumy *moist* (*and productive of colds*)
278 unpurgèd (*not yet purified by the sun*)
280 sick offense *harmful disorder*

I charm° you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate° and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy,° and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS (*raising her*) Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted° I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self,
But as it were in sort or limitation,°
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs°
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.°

283 charm *conjure*
285 incorporate *make us one flesh*
287 heavy *sorrowful*
294 excepted *made an exception that*
296 in sort or limitation *in some special way or within strict limits*
298 suburbs *outskirts (which in Elizabethan London were noted for brothels)*
308 Cato's daughter *(Cato the Younger, a statesman celebrated for his moral*

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS Oh ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife.
Knocking heard.
Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia go in awhile,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery° of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. *Exit Portia.*
Enter Lucius and Caius Ligarius.
Lucius, who's that knocks?

LUCIUS Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRUTUS Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?°

LIGARIUS Vouchsafe° good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS Oh what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief!° Would you were not sick.

LIGARIUS I am not sick if Brutus have in hand

rectitude and a former ally of Pompey against Caesar who had killed himself in 46 B.C. *rather than yield to capture*)

322 charactery *expression* (*literally, handwriting*)

327 how *how goes it*

328 Vouchsafe *please accept*

330 kerchief *head-cloth* (*worn during illness as a protection against cold draughts*)

Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

BRUTUS Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome,
Brave son, derived from honorable loins,
Thou like an exorcist° hast conjured up
My mortifièd° spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRUTUS A piece of work that will make sick men whole.°

LIGARIUS But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Thunder.

BRUTUS Follow me, then. *Exeunt.*

338 exorcist *one who calls up spirits*
339 mortifièd *deadened*
342 whole *well*

II.2

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Caesar in his nightgown.°

CAESAR Nor heaven, nor earth,
Have been at peace tonight.
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out
"Help ho, they murder Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT My lord.

CAESAR Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.°

SERVANT I will, my lord. *Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

CALPURNIA What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back. When they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanishèd.

CALPURNIA Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,°
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.°
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets,
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.

0 s.d. nightgown *dressing gown*
7 success *what is to follow*
14 stood on ceremonies *paid attention to omens*
17 watch *watchmen*

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,°
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
Oh Caesar, these things are beyond all use,°
And I do fear them.

CAESAR What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAESAR Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
Enter Servant.
What say the augurers?

SERVANT They would not have you to stir forth today.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR The gods do this in shame of cowardice.
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home today for fear:
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.

21 right form of war *regular military formation*
26 all use *all common experience*

We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA Alas my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.°
Do not go forth today. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate house,
And he shall say you are not well today.
Let me upon my knee prevail in this.

CAESAR Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor,° I will stay at home.
Enter Decius.
Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS Caesar, all hail. Good morrow, worthy Caesar.
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

CAESAR And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come today.
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come today, tell them so Decius.

CALPURNIA Say he is sick.

CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far
To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS Most mighty Caesar let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

CAESAR The cause is in my will: I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

53 confidence *i.e., over-confidence*
60 humor *whim*

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt tonight° she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for° warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home today.

DECIUS This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.°
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now—the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered,° for some one to say,
"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

81 tonight *this past night*
85 apply for *interpret as*
94 tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance (*dipping their handkerchiefs in Caesar's blood, "great men" will keep them as "relics" of Caesar, marks of recognition*)
101–102 a mock | Apt to be rendered *a sarcastic retort likely to be offered*

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?
Pardon me Caesar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding° bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.°

CAESAR How foolish do your fears seem now Calpurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.
Enter Brutus, Caius Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS Good morrow Caesar.

CAESAR Welcome Publius.
What Brutus, are you stirred so early too?
Good morrow Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague° which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?

BRUTUS Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

CAESAR I thank you for your pains and courtesy.
Enter Antony.
See, Antony, that revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow Antony.

ANTONY So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR Bid them prepare within;
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now Cinna, now Metellus. What, Trebonius,
I have an hour's talk in store for you;

108 proceeding *advancement*
109 reason to my love is liable *i.e., love outweighs discretion and prompts me to be so frank*
119 ague *fever*

Remember that you call on me today.
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS Caesar, I will. (*Aside*) And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR Good friends go in, and taste some wine with me.
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS (*aside*) That every like° is not the same, oh Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns° to think upon. *Exeunt.*

II.3

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

ARTEMIDORUS "Caesar, beware of Brutus. Take heed of Cassius. Come not near Casca. Have an eye to Cinna. Trust not Trebonius. Mark well Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus loves thee not. Thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way° to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!
Thy lover,° Artemidorus."
Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.°

136 every like *i.e., every appearance of friendship*
137 yearns *grieves*

7 Security gives way *over-confidence opens the way*
9 lover *devoted friend*
13 Out of the teeth of emulation *beyond the biting of envious rivalry*

If thou read this, oh Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.° *Exit.*

II.4

Enter Portia and Lucius.

PORTIA I prithee boy, run to the Senate house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS To know my errand madam.

PORTIA I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
(*Aside*) Oh constancy,° be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue.
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
(*To Lucius*) Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA Yes, bring me word boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS I hear none madam.

PORTIA Prithee listen well.
I heard a bustling rumor° like a fray,

15 contrive *devise plots*

7 constancy *self-control*
21 rumor *noise*

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS Sooth° madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

PORTIA Come hither fellow. Which way hast thou been?

SOOTHSAYER At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA What is't a'clock?

SOOTHSAYER About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER That I have lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

SOOTHSAYER None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow.
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void,° and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. *Exit.*

PORTIA I must go in.
Aye me! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is! Oh Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise—

23 Sooth *truly*
42 more void *less crowded*

Sure the boy heard me—Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. Oh, I grow faint.
Run Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry. Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt.*

III.1

Flourish.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

CAESAR The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER Ay Caesar, but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS Hail, Caesar. Read this schedule.°

DECIUS Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS Oh Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS Delay not, Caesar, read it instantly.

CAESAR What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS Sirrah, give place.°

CASSIUS What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

POPILIUS I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

3 schedule *scroll*
11 Sirrah, give place *fellow, get out of the way*

CASSIUS What enterprise Popilius?

POPILIUS Fare you well.

BRUTUS What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS He wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

BRUTUS Look, how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

CASSIUS Casca be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS Cassius be constant.
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS Trebonius knows his time; for look you Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

DECIUS Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer° his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS He is addressed.° Press near and second him.

CINNA Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

METELLUS CIMBER (*kneeling*) Most high, most mighty,
and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart—

CAESAR I must prevent° thee Cimber.

31 presently prefer *at once present*
32 addressed *prepared*
39 prevent *forestall*

These couchings and these lowly courtesies° 40
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children.° Be not fond°
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood°
That will be thawed from the true quality° 45
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crookèd° curtsies and base spaniel° fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd.
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. 50
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS CIMBER Is there no voice more worthy
than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,
For the repealing° of my banished brother? 55

BRUTUS (*kneeling*) I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery
Caesar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.°

CAESAR What, Brutus?

40 couchings and these lowly courtesies *bowings and these humble shows of deference*
42–43 turn pre-ordinance and first decree | Into the law of children *change all that has been previously settled by law and decree into childlike indecisiveness*
43 fond *so foolish as*
44 rebel blood *i.e., unfaithful to his own nature*
45 thawed from the true quality *i.e., softened from its true firmness*
47 Low-crookèd *low-bending*
47 spaniel *dog-like*
55 repealing *calling back*
58 of repeal *to return from banishment*

CASSIUS (*kneeling*) Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CASSIUS I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move,° prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;°
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this—
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA Oh Caesar—

CAESAR Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS Great Caesar—

CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA Speak hands for me!

They stab Caesar, Brutus last.

CAESAR Et tu, Brutè?°—Then fall Caesar. *Dies.*

CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead.
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

64 pray to move *entreat (others) for favors*
72 apprehensive *quick to perceive and react*
84 Et tu, Brutè? *thou also, Brutus?*

CASSIUS Some to the common pulpits,° and cry out
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement."

BRUTUS People and senators, be not affrighted.
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA Go to the pulpit Brutus.

DECIUS And Cassius too.

BRUTUS Where's Publius?

CINNA Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS CIMBER Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—

BRUTUS Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them Publius.

CASSIUS And leave us Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS Do so; and let no man abide° this deed
But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius.

CASSIUS Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS Fled to his house amazed:°
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.°

87 common pulpits *platforms for public speakers*
102 abide *pay the penalty for*
105 amazed *stupefied*
110 drawing days out, that men stand upon (*the means of*) *prolonging their lives, that men set store by*

CASSIUS Why he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown.

BRUTUS How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,°
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,°
No worthier than the dust.

CASSIUS So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot° of us be called,
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter Antony's Servant.

BRUTUS Soft! Who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

SERVANT Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

124 in sport *for entertainment* (*as in plays that will be written about him*)
125 on Pompey's basis lies along *on the pedestal of Pompey's statue lies stretched out*
128 knot (*close-knit*) *band*

"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state°
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come° unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and by my honor,
Depart untouched.

SERVANT I'll fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*

BRUTUS I know that we shall have him well to friend.°

CASSIUS I wish we may. But yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.°

Enter Antony.

BRUTUS But here comes Antony.
Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY Oh mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?

148 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state *through the dangers of this unprecedented situation*
152 so please him come *if it please him to come*
156 well to friend *as a good friend*
158–159 still | Falls shrewdly to the purpose *always comes painfully close to the truth*

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood,° who else is rank.°
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,°
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS Oh Antony! Beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands and this our present act
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity°—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper,° do receive you in

166 be let blood *(a) be killed; (b) be bled to improve health*
166 rank *swollen with disease (hence suitable for being bled)*
172 reek and smoke *i.e., steam (with freshly shed blood)*
185 so pity pity *i.e., pity for the Republic offset our pity for Caesar*
188–189 Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts | Of brothers' temper *both our arms with their strong power to harm you, and our hearts with their protective feelings of brotherly love towards you*

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.°

BRUTUS Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
My credit° now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit° me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.
That I did love thee Caesar, oh 'tis true.
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer° than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble, in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

192 disposing of new dignities *assignment of new official positions*
206 credit *credibility*
207 conceit *conceive of*
211 dearer *more keenly*

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed,° brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.°
Oh world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this indeed, oh world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie.

CASSIUS Mark Antony—

ANTONY Pardon me Caius Cassius.
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.°

CASSIUS I blame you not for praising Caesar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked° in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard°
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may

219 bayed *brought to bay (like a noble stag or "hart")*
221 Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe *bearing the marks of your slaughter, and stained by the stream of blood that carried you to oblivion (Lethe = the river in Hades whose waters cause forgetfulness)*
229 modesty *moderation*
232 pricked *marked down (with a "prick" or tick)*
240 regard *consideration*

Produce his body to the market place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS Brutus, a word with you.
Aside to Brutus.
You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS (*to Cassius*) By your pardon.
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest°
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS (*to Brutus*) I know not what may fall, I like it not.

BRUTUS Mark Antony, here take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but Antony.

257 protest *proclaim*

ANTONY Oh pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.°
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber° all the parts of Italy.
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;°
And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Atè° by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc!"° and let slip° the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion° men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius' Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERVANT I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

277 tide of times *course of history*
284 cumber *trouble*
289 custom of fell deeds *familiarity of cruel actions*
291 Atè *Greek goddess of strife*
293 Havoc! *slaughter without mercy*
293 let slip *unleash*
295 carrion *rotting*

SERVANT He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
Oh Caesar!

ANTONY Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep.
Passion° I see is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY Post back with speed,
And tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet stay awhile—
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market place. There shall I try°
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue° of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt with Caesar's body.*

III.2

Enter Brutus and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

PLEBEIANS We will be satisfied. Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS Then follow me and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street

303 Passion *sorrow*
313 try *probe*
315 issue *result*

And part the numbers.°
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND PLEBEIAN I will hear Cassius, and compare
their reasons,
When severally we° hear them renderèd.

Exit Cassius with some of the Plebeians.

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

THIRD PLEBEIAN The noble Brutus is ascended.
Silence!

BRUTUS Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers,° hear me for my cause,
and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine
honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may
believe. Censure° me in your wisdom, and awake your
senses,° that you may the better judge. If there be any in
this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say
that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then
that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this
is my answer. Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved
Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die
all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men?
As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate,
I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he
was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love;

4 part the numbers *divide the crowd*
11 When severally we *after we separately*
14 lovers *dear friends*
17 Censure *judge*
18 senses *intellectual powers*

joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude° that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL None Brutus, none.

BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol;° his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced,° for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL Live Brutus, live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

31 rude *uncivilized*

37–38 The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol *i.e., the issues concerning his death are documented in the state archives*

40 enforced *overstated*

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, silence, Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace ho!

BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace° to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *Exit.*

FIRST PLEBEIAN Stay ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him go up into the public chair,
We'll hear him. Noble Antony go up.

ANTONY For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD PLEBEIAN He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here!

FIRST PLEBEIAN This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Nay that's certain.
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, let us hear what Antony can
say.

ANTONY You gentle Romans—

PLEBEIANS Peace ho, let us hear him.

61 Do grace *show respect*

ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

96 general coffers *public treasury*

Oh judgment thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND PLEBEIAN If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Has he masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN If it be found so, some will dear abide it.°

SECOND PLEBEIAN Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor° to do him reverence.
Oh masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who—you all know—are honorable men.

122 dear abide it *pay dearly for it*
128 so poor *humble enough*

I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins° in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ALL The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY Have patience gentle friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, oh what would come of it?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Read the will. We'll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself° to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

141 napkins *handkerchiefs*
158 o'ershot myself *gone farther than I should*

FOURTH PLEBEIAN They were traitors. "Honorable men"?

ALL The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN They were villains, murderers. The will, read the will.

ANTONY You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.

THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN A ring, stand round.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Stand from the hearse,° stand from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

ALL Stand back; room; bear back.

ANTONY If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.°
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made.
Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed,
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

172 hearse *bier*
180 Nervii *Gallic tribe vanquished by Caesar in 57* B.C.

Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.°
Judge, oh you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint° of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you° when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? (*Removing the mantle*)
Look you here,
Here is himself, marred as you see with traitors.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Oh piteous spectacle!

SECOND PLEBEIAN Oh noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN Oh woeful day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Oh traitors! Villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN Oh most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN We will be revenged.

ALL Revenge! About!° Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

188 angel *favorite*
201 dint *force*
202 what weep you *how much do you weep*
211 About *set about it*

Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace there, hear the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs° they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
I am no orator as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That love my friend, and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,° nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance,° nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.°
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up° your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

220 griefs *grievances*
228 wit *intellect*
229 Action, nor utterance *gesture, nor delivery*
230 right on *straight out*
235 ruffle up *enrage*

ALL We'll mutiny!

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn the house of Brutus!

THIRD PLEBEIAN Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY Yet hear me countrymen, yet hear me speak.

ALL Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY Why friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL Most true, the will, let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several° man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Oh royal Caesar!

ANTONY Hear me with patience.

ALL Peace ho!

ANTONY Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbor, and new-planted orchards,°
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever—common pleasures°
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

FIRST PLEBEIAN Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

250 several *individual*
256 orchards *gardens*
258 common pleasures *pleasure-grounds, public parks*

Take up the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Go fetch fire!

THIRD PLEBEIAN Pluck down benches!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Pluck down forms, windows,°
anything. *Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*

ANTONY Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
Enter Antony's Servant.
How now, fellow?

SERVANT Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY Where is he?

SERVANT He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish.° Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

SERVANT I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid° like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY Belike° they had some notice° of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. *Exeunt.*

267 forms, windows *benches, shutters*
275 upon a wish *just as I wished*
278 Are rid *have ridden*
279 Belike *probably*
279 notice *news*

III.3

Enter Cinna the poet, and after him the Plebeians.

CINNA I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.°
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST PLEBEIAN What is your name?

SECOND PLEBEIAN Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN Answer every man directly.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA THE POET What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly—wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND PLEBEIAN That's as much as to say they are fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang° for that, I fear. Proceed directly.

CINNA THE POET Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST PLEBEIAN As a friend, or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET As a friend.

2 unluckily charge my fantasy *ominously burden my imagination*
18 bear me a bang *get a blow from me*

SECOND PLEBEIAN That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN For your dwelling—briefly.

CINNA THE POET Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Your name sir, truly.

CINNA THE POET Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

CINNA I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN It is no matter, his name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.°

THIRD PLEBEIAN Tear him, tear him! Come, brands ho! Firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away, go! *Exeunt all the Plebeians with Cinna.*

IV.1

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY These many then shall die; their names are pricked.

OCTAVIUS Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS I do consent.

OCTAVIUS Prick him down, Antony.

34–35 turn him going *send him packing*

LEPIDUS Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him.
But Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house.
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge° in legacies.

LEPIDUS What? Shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS Or here, or at the Capitol. *Exit Lepidus.*

ANTONY This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet° to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The threefold world° divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?°

OCTAVIUS So you thought him,
And took his voice° who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence° and proscription.

ANTONY Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honors on this man
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,°
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

10 cut off some charge *eliminate some cost (by reducing the inheritance of the common people)*
14 Meet *suitable (only)*
15 The threefold world *i.e., Europe, Africa, and Asia*
16 the three to share it *(the division of the Roman world among the triumvirs assigned Gaul to Antony, Spain to Lepidus, and Africa with Sicily and Sardinia to Octavius)*
18 voice *vote*
19 black sentence *sentence of death*
22 divers sland'rous loads *all sorts of burdensome charges against us*

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.°

OCTAVIUS You may do your will.
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY So is my horse Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.°
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind,° to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit,
And, in some taste,° is Lepidus but so.
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,°
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion.° Do not talk of him
But as a property.° And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers. We must straight make head.°
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made,° our means stretched,°
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed
And open perils surest answerèd.

29 commons *public pasture*
33 appoint him store of provender *assign him a supply of food*
35 wind *wheel about*
37 taste *measure*
40 arts, and imitations *artifices, and fads*
42 Begin his fashion *i.e., are picked up by him only when others have discarded them as worn out*
43 But as a property *i.e., as a mere tool for our use*
45 make head *advance our forces*
47 made *mustered*
47 stretched *used to their fullest advantage*

OCTAVIUS Let us do so; for we are at the stake°
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. *Exeunt.*

IV.2

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and the army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

BRUTUS Stand ho!

LUCILIUS Give the word ho, and stand!

BRUTUS What now Lucilius, is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

BRUTUS He greets me well.° Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change or by ill officers,°
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone. But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.°

PINDARUS I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard° and honor.

BRUTUS He is not doubted. A word Lucilius,

51 at the stake *like a bear chained to the stake and surrounded by dogs eager to attack*

6 greets me well *i.e., by sending so fine a messenger*
7 In his own change or by ill officers *i.e., either because of his own changed feelings or through the misbehavior of his subordinates*
10 be satisfied *be given a full explanation*
13 regard *consideration (of your interests)*

How he received you; let me be resolved.

LUCILIUS With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances°
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.°
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,°
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
Low march within.
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial.° Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS They mean this night in Sardis° to be quartered.
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

BRUTUS Hark! He is arrived.
Enter Cassius and his powers.
March gently on to meet him.

CASSIUS Stand ho!

BRUTUS Stand ho, speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER Stand.

17 familiar instances *marks of close friendship*
23 enforcèd ceremony *strained show of courtesy*
25 hot at hand *spirited at the outset*
28–29 fall their crests, and like deceitful jades | Sink in the trial *let fall their arched necks, and like untrustworthy nags fail when put to the test*
30 Sardis *chief city of ancient Lydia, in Asia Minor*

SECOND SOLDIER Stand.

THIRD SOLDIER Stand.

CASSIUS Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS Brutus, this sober form° of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

BRUTUS Cassius, be content.
Speak your griefs softly. I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away,
Then in my tent Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges° off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

CASSIUS That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted° Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.°

BRUTUS You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

43 sober form *grave manner*
53 their charges *the troops in their charge*
59 noted *stigmatized*
62 slighted off *disregarded*

CASSIUS In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.°

BRUTUS Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have° an itching palm,
To sell and mart° your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS The name of Cassius honors° this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS Chastisement?

BRUTUS Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body that did stab
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,° shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors°
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself

65 every nice offense should bear his comment *each trivial offense should come in for criticism*
67 condemned to have *blamed for having*
68 mart *market*
73 honors *dignifies*
81 supporting robbers *permitting corruption*
83 the mighty space of our large honors *i.e., our great power of appointing to high public offices*

To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.°

BRUTUS Go to!° You are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS I am.

BRUTUS I say you are not.

CASSIUS Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health. Tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS Away, slight man!

CASSIUS Is't possible?

BRUTUS Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?°
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CASSIUS Oh ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break,
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe° you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,°
Though it do split you. For from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS Is it come to this?

BRUTUS You say you are a better soldier.

91 make conditions *arrange matters*
92 Go to! *Come off it!*
100 choler *anger*
106 observe *defer to*
108 digest the venom of your spleen *swallow the poison of your fiery temper*

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS You wrong me every way;
You wrong me Brutus.
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS I durst not?

BRUTUS No.

CASSIUS What? Durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.° I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,

140 indirection *devious means*

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters° from his friends,
Be ready gods with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

CASSIUS I denied you not.

BRUTUS You did.

CASSIUS I did not. He was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived° my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS I do not, till you practice them on me.

CASSIUS You love me not.

BRUTUS I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS Come Antony, and young Octavius come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves, braved° by his brother,
Checked° like a bondman, all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart

145 rascal counters *worthless coins*
151 rived *split*
163 braved *defied*
164 Checked *scolded*

Dearer than Pluto's mine,° richer than gold.
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Caesar. For I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.°
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.°
Oh Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who much enforcèd,° shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered,° vexeth him?

BRUTUS When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CASSIUS Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS And my heart too.

CASSIUS Oh Brutus!

BRUTUS What's the matter?

CASSIUS Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS Yes Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

169 Dearer than Pluto's mine *more precious than underground mines (Pluto = god of the underworld, thus of riches that are mined)*
176 it shall have scope *your anger shall have free rein*
177 dishonor shall be humor *I'll treat your insults merely as bad temper*
180 much enforcèd *struck repeatedly*
184 ill-tempered *unbalanced disposition*

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

POET Let me go in to see the generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILIUS You shall not come to them.

POET Nothing but death shall stay me.

CASSIUS How now? What's the matter?

POET For shame you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years I'm sure than ye.

CASSIUS Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic° rhyme!

BRUTUS Get you hence, sirrah. Saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS Bear with him Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS I'll know his humor when he knows his time.°
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion,° hence!

CASSIUS Away, away, be gone. *Exit Poet.*

BRUTUS Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. *Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

BRUTUS Lucius, a bowl of wine. *Exit Lucius.*

CASSIUS I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS Oh Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

205 cynic *surly fellow*
208 I'll know his humor when he knows his time *I'll accept his odd manners when he knows the proper time for them*
210 Companion *fellow*

CASSIUS Of your philosophy° you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.°

BRUTUS No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS Ha! Portia?

BRUTUS She is dead.

CASSIUS How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
Oh insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong. For with her death
That tidings came. With this she fell distract°
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.°

CASSIUS And died so?

BRUTUS Even so.

CASSIUS Oh ye immortal gods!

Enter Boy (Lucius), with wine and tapers.

BRUTUS Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness Cassius. *Drinks.*

CASSIUS My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup.
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *Exit Lucius.*

Enter Titinius and Messala.

BRUTUS Come in Titinius.
Welcome good Messala.

219 your philosophy (*Stoicism*)
220 give place to accidental evils *give way to evils caused by chance (which a true Stoic would not allow himself to be affected by)*
230 distract *distraught*
231 swallowed fire (*according to Plutarch she cast hot burning coals into her mouth*)

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question° our necessities.

CASSIUS Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS No more I pray you.
Messala, I have here receivèd letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS With what addition?

MESSALA That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS Therein our letters do not well agree.
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS Cicero one?

MESSALA Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS No Messala.

MESSALA Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS Nothing, Messala.°

MESSALA That methinks is strange.

243 call in question *deliberate upon*

263 Nothing, Messala (*The inconsistency between this speech and Brutus' earlier lines on Portia's death has puzzled some readers, but Brutus has already twice asked Cassius to say "no more" about Portia, and lines 235 to 275 exemplify the stages of his effort to cool rather than indulge his grief; the deliberateness of his suppression in this reply to Messala is pointed up by Messala's similar—and similarly ineffective—evasion at line 266.*)

BRUTUS Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA No, my lord.

BRUTUS Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

MESSALA Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS Why farewell Portia. We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,°
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS I have as much of this in art° as you,
But yet my nature° could not bear it so.

BRUTUS Well, to our work alive.° What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS I do not think it good.

BRUTUS Your reason?

CASSIUS This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense,° whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,

271 once *one time*
274 this in art *i.e., this stoical fortitude from my philosophical training*
275 nature *natural emotions*
276 to our work alive *the tasks we face as living men*
283 offense *injury*

Come on refreshed, new-added,° and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS Hear me good brother—

BRUTUS Under your pardon.° You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted,° all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.°

CASSIUS Then, with your will, go on. We'll along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard° with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS No more. Good night:
Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

291 new-added *reinforced*
296 Under your pardon *allow me to finish*
303 Omitted *not taken*
307 our ventures *the investments we are risking (as in trading on the high seas)*
312 niggard *grudgingly allow*

BRUTUS Lucius my gown. Farewell good Messala.

Exit Lucius.

Good night Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS Oh my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls;
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the gown.

BRUTUS Everything is well.

CASSIUS Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS *and* MESSALA Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS Farewell every one.

Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?°

LUCIUS Here in the tent.

BRUTUS What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.°
Call Claudio and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS Varrus and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

VARRUS Calls my lord?

BRUTUS I pray you sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRUS So please you, we will stand

328 instrument (*the lute used at line 358*)
331 o'erwatched *worn out from being awake too long*

And watch your pleasure.°

BRUTUS I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.°
Look Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

LUCIUS I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS Bear with me good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS Ay my lord, an't° please you.

BRUTUS It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS It is my duty sir.

BRUTUS I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.
Music, and a song. Lucius falls asleep.
This is a sleepy tune. Oh murd'rous° slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace° upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee, and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down

340 watch your pleasure *stay awake to await your orders*
342 otherwise bethink me *change my mind*
349 an't *if it*
359 murd'rous *death-like*
360 mace *staff with which a sheriff's officer touched a person he wished to arrest*

Where I left reading? Here it is I think.
Enter the Ghost of Caesar.
How ill this taper burns.° Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?°
Speak to me what thou art?

GHOST Thy evil spirit, Brutus!

BRUTUS Why com'st thou?

GHOST To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS Why I will see thee at Philippi then.
Exit Ghost.
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varrus! Claudio! Sirs, awake!
Claudio!

LUCIUS The strings, my lord, are false.°

BRUTUS He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS My lord?

BRUTUS Didst thou dream Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

367 How ill this taper burns *(it was commonly thought that lights burned dim or blue in the presence of a supernatural being)*
372 stare *stand on end*
384 false *out of tune*

BRUTUS Yes that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS Nothing my lord.

BRUTUS Sleep again Lucius. Sirrah Claudio!
(*To Varrus*) Fellow, thou, awake!

VARRUS My lord?

CLAUDIO My lord?

BRUTUS Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleep?

BOTH Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS Ay. Saw you anything?

VARRUS No my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIO Nor I my lord.

BRUTUS Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,°
And we will follow.

BOTH It shall be done my lord. *Exeunt.*

V.1

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

OCTAVIUS Now Antony, our hopes are answerèd,
You said the enemy would not come down
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so. Their battles° are at hand;
They mean to warn° us at Philippi here,

402 set on his powers betimes before *start his forces early in the day ahead of me*

4 battles *main armies*
5 warn *challenge*

Answering before we do demand of them.°

ANTONY Tut, I am in their bosoms,° and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places,° and come down
With fearful bravery,° thinking by this face°
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER Prepare you generals,
The enemy comes on in gallant show.
Their bloody sign° of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY Octavius, lead your battle softly° on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

ANTONY Why do you cross me in this exigent?°

OCTAVIUS I do not cross you; but I will do so.

Drum. March.

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army, with Lucilius, Titinius, and Messala.

BRUTUS They stand and would have parley.

CASSIUS Stand fast Titinius. We must out and talk.

6 Answering before we do demand of them *accepting battle before we have defied them*
7 I am in their bosoms *I know their secrets*
8–9 could be content | To visit other places *would prefer to be elsewhere*
10 fearful bravery (*a*) *defiance masking their fear*; (*b*) *defiance meant to inspire fear*
10 face *outward display*
15 bloody sign *red banner* (*the Roman signal for battle*)
17 softly *slowly, warily*
20 cross me in this exigent *thwart me at this critical moment*

OCTAVIUS Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY No Caesar, we will answer on their charge.°
Make forth;° the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

ANTONY In your bad strokes Brutus, you give good
words;
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying "Long live! Hail Caesar!"

CASSIUS Antony,
The posture of your blows° are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla° bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY Not stingless too?

BRUTUS Oh yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.
You showed your teeth° like apes,
And fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. Oh you flatterers!

25 answer on their charge *respond when they attack*
26 Make forth *go forward*
35 The posture of your blows *the kind of blows you can strike*
36 Hybla *a Sicilian town renowned for the sweetness of its honey*
44 showed your teeth *grinned*

CASSIUS Flatterers! Now Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so today,
If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS Come, come, the cause!° If arguing make us sweat,
The proof° of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?°
Never, till Caesar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter° to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS So I hope.
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS Oh if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

CASSIUS A peevish° schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker° and a reveller.

ANTONY Old Cassius still.

OCTAVIUS Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight today, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.°

Exeunt Octavius, Antony and their army.

52 Come, come, the cause! *Let's get to the point!*
53 proof *trial (in battle)*
55 goes up again *goes back into its sheath*
57–58 till another Caesar | Have added slaughter *i.e., until I too have been murdered by you*
65 peevish *childish (the historical Octavius was 21 at the Battle of Philippi)*
66 masker *masquerader*
71 stomachs *appetites (for battle)*

CASSIUS Why now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.°

BRUTUS Ho Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucilius stands forth.

LUCILIUS My lord?

Brutus and Lucilius speak apart.

CASSIUS Messala.

Messala stands forth.

MESSALA What says my general?

CASSIUS Messala, this is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand Messala.
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was,° am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,°
And his opinion. Now I change my mind
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensigns
Two mighty eagles fell,° and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted° us.
This morning are they fled away and gone,

73 on the hazard *at stake*

81 As Pompey was *(Pompey had been persuaded to enter battle with Caesar against his better judgment)*

83 held Epicurus strong *strongly agreed with Epicurus' philosophy in rejecting omens to presage the future, holding that the gods were indifferent to human affairs*

86–87 on our former ensigns | Two mighty eagles fell *two great eagles (birds of good omen) swooped down on our foremost banners*

89 consorted *accompanied*

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites°
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly° prey. Their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA Believe not so.

CASSIUS I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS Even so, Lucilius.

CASSIUS Now most noble Brutus,
The gods today stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace,° lead on our days to age.
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determinèd to do?

BRUTUS Even by the rule of that philosophy°
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life°—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of° some high powers
That govern us below.

91 ravens, crows, and kites *birds of evil omen that feed on carrion*
93 sickly *dying*
103 Lovers in peace *dear friends in time of peace*
109 that philosophy *Stoicism, which regarded suicide as a coward's death*
113–114 to prevent | The time of life *to anticipate (by committing suicide) the natural end of life*
115 stay the providence of *await the destiny provided by*

CASSIUS Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough° the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS No, Cassius, no.
Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile.
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus.
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed.
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS Why then lead on. Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come.
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away! *Exeunt.*

V.2

Alarum.° Enter Brutus and Messala.

BRUTUS Ride, ride Messala, ride and give these bills°
Unto the legions on the other side.°

118–119 led in triumph | Thorough *led (as a captive) in a victory procession through*

0 s.d. Alarum *signal (by drum or trumpet) for an attack*
1 bills *written orders*
2 side *wing (of the army), led by Cassius*

Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanor° in Octavio's wing:
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride Messala; let them all come down!° *Exeunt.*

V.3

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

CASSIUS Oh look Titinius, look, the villains° fly!
Myself have to mine own° turned enemy:
This ensign° here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward and did take it° from him.

TITINIUS Oh Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on Octavius
Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,°
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

PINDARUS Fly further off my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents my lord.
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

CASSIUS This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius—
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS They are, my lord.

4 cold demeanor *little zest for battle*
6 come down *i.e., down from the hills to attack*

1 villains *i.e., his own troops*
2 mine own *my own men*
3 ensign *standard-bearer*
4 it *i.e., the ensign's flag*
7 spoil *looting*

CASSIUS Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS I will be here again, even with a thought.° *Exit.*

CASSIUS Go Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick.° Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
Exit Pindarus.
This day I breathèd first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. (*To Pindarus*) Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS (*above*) Oh my lord.

CASSIUS What news?

PINDARUS Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur,°
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light.° Oh, he lights too.
He's ta'en. *Shout.*
And hark, they shout for joy.

CASSIUS Come down, behold no more.
Oh coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.
Enter Pindarus.
Come hither sirrah. In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,

20 even with a thought *quick as a thought*
22 thick *dim, near-sighted*
30 make to him on the spur *approach him rapidly*
32 some light *some of them dismount*

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,°
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.
Now be a free man, and with this good sword
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. *Dies.*

PINDARUS So, I am free,
Yet would not so° have been
Durst I have done my will. Oh Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. *Exit.*

Enter Titinius, wearing a garland of laurel, and Messala.

MESSALA It is but change,° Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

MESSALA Is not that he?

TITINIUS No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. Oh setting sun,°

39 swore thee, saving of thy life *made you swear when I spared your life*
49 not so *not in this way*
53 change *an exchange*
64 Oh setting sun (*alluding only to the fate of the conspiracy; the actual time—see line 116—is mid-afternoon*)

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers° come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success° hath done this deed.

MESSALA Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child,°
Why dost thou show to the apt° thoughts of men
The things that are not? Oh Error soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.°

TITINIUS What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say "thrusting" it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomèd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS Hie° you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

68 Clouds, dews, and dangers (*perils of night*)
69 my success *the outcome of my mission*
71 Error, Melancholy's child (*the melancholic person is particularly subject to imaginary fears and consequently to error*)
72 apt *easily impressed*
75 the mother that engendered thee *i.e., the melancholic person himself*
83 Hie *hurry*

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods°—this is a Roman's part.°
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, Lucilius, Labeo, and Flavio.

BRUTUS Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA Lo yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS Titinius' face is upward.

CATO He is slain.

BRUTUS Oh Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Low Alarums.

CATO Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'er he have not crowned dead Cassius.

BRUTUS Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well.
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos° send his body.
His funerals shall not be in our camp
Lest it discomfort us.° Lucilius come,
And come young Cato, let us to the field.

94 By your leave, gods (*Titinius is taking his own life before the time appointed by the gods*)
94 part *proper role*
111 Thasos *an island in the Aegean, not far from Philippi*
113 discomfort us *dishearten our forces*

Labeo and Flavio, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock and Romans, yet ere night,
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

V.4

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Lucilius, and Flavio.

BRUTUS Yet countrymen, oh yet hold up your heads!
Exit, followed by Messala and Flavio.

CATO What bastard° doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato,° ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter soldiers and fight.

LUCILIUS And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus my country's friend. Know me for Brutus!
Young Cato is slain.
Oh young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honored, being Cato's son.

FIRST SOLDIER Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS Only I yield to die.°

2 What bastard *who is so lacking in Roman blood that he*
4 Marcus Cato *Pompey's ally against Caesar (mentioned before as the father of Portia in II.1), the republican martyr who committed suicide rather than be taken prisoner*
13 Only I yield to die *I yield only to die*

(*Offering money*) There is so much,° that thou wilt kill me straight.
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER We must not. A noble prisoner.

Enter Antony.

SECOND SOLDIER Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en my lord.

ANTONY Where is he?

LUCILIUS Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.
The gods defend him from so great a shame.
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY This is not Brutus, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'er Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.° *Exeunt.*

14 There is so much *i.e., money to be gained by killing me (Brutus, as Lucilius impersonates him)*

33 is chanced *has turned out*

V.5

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

BRUTUS Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS Statilius showed the torchlight,° but my lord
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

BRUTUS Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

He whispers.

CLITUS What I, my lord? No, not for all the world!

BRUTUS Peace then, no words.

CLITUS I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS Hark thee, Dardanius.

He whispers.

DARDANIUS Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS Oh Dardanius!

DARDANIUS Oh Clitus!

CLITUS What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

VOLUMNIUS What says my lord?

BRUTUS Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me
Two several° times by night—at Sardis once,

2 showed the torchlight *flashed a signal (when he reached the enemy camp)*
21 several *separate*

And this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes,
Our enemies have beat us to the pit.°
Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

Alarum still.

CLITUS Fly, fly my lord, there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS Farewell to you, and you, and you Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"

CLITUS Fly my lord, fly!

27 the pit (*a*) *the trap (into which wild animals were driven);* (*b*) *the grave*

BRUTUS Hence! I will follow.
Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.
I prithee Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;° 50
Thy life hath had some smatch° of honor in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou Strato?

STRATO Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS Farewell, good Strato. (*Runs on his sword*)
Caesar, now be still; 55
I killed not thee with half so good a will. *Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.

OCTAVIUS What man is that?

MESSALA My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him.° 60
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCILIUS So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying° true.

OCTAVIUS All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.° 65
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO Ay, if Messala will prefer° me to you.

OCTAVIUS Do so, good Messala.

50 respect *reputation*
51 smatch *smack*
60 can but make a fire of him *can only cremate his body*
64 Lucilius' saying (*that no enemy would take Brutus alive, at V.4.23*)
65 entertain them *take them into my service*
67 prefer *recommend*

MESSALA How died my master, Strato?

STRATO I held the sword and he did run on it.

MESSALA Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did, in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all,° made one of them.
His life was gentle,° and the elements°
So mixed° in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man."

OCTAVIUS According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.°
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part° the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

76–77 in a general honest thought | And common good to all *with honorable intentions and for the public good of all Romans*
78 gentle *noble, magnanimous*
78 the elements *the four elements (earth, water, air, fire) of which all matter was thought to be composed and from which the four humors of the body (melancholic, sanguinic, phlegmatic, and choleric) were tempered*
79 So mixed *i.e., equally balanced (with none of the four humors predominating)*
84 ordered honorably *treated with all appropriate honor*
86 part *share*

A Note on the Date and the Text

Thomas Platter, a Swiss traveller who visited London in 1599, reported that on September 21 he and his companions crossed the Thames to Southwark (where the Globe Theater had recently opened) and "saw the tragedy of the first Emperor Julius Caesar . . . very well acted." Later in the same year Ben Jonson incorporated a comic misquotation from the play in his *Every Man Out of his Humor* ("Reason long since is fled to animals, you know"); and other references or allusions to the play that date from 1599 or soon afterward suggest that it was first performed in that year.

The earliest publication of the play was in the First Folio (1623), the collected edition of Shakespeare in which about half of his plays received their first publication. The Folio text of *Julius Caesar* is an excellent one, relatively free of irregularities and misprints. The Folio provides the division into acts; the further division into scenes (following the general rule of a fresh scene after each stage-clearing *exeunt*) is that of later editors. In the present text spelling and punctuation have been modernized, speech prefixes have been expanded, and stage directions have sometimes been augmented. Other departures from the copy-text are recorded below, with the adopted reading in boldface and the Folio reading in roman.

I.3.137 favored Fauors

II.1.279 his hit **II.2.24 did neigh** do neigh **49 are** heare

III.1.43 law lane **123 states** State **125 lies** lye **303 for** from
III.2.111 art are **211** (speech prefix added by editors) **228 wit** writ

IV.2.37, 38, 39 (speech prefix added by editors) **341 will not** will it not

V.1.44 teeth teethes **86 ensigns** ensign **104 rest** rests
V.3.111 Thasos Tharsus **V.4.7 s.p.** LUCILLIUS (at line 9 in F) **18 the news** thee news

P.B.

The QPB Reader's Shakespeare

is an entirely new edition of Shakespeare's greatest plays published as single volumes. With a carefully designed modernized format intended for every reader, each text has been edited for accuracy and authenticity to provide the most readable page of Shakespeare possible.

About the Editors

Paul Bertram is Professor of English at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and textual editor of *The QPB Reader's Shakespeare* series. He is the author of *Shakespeare and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"* and *White Spaces in Shakespeare: The Development of the Modern Text*. The co-editor of *The Three-Text Hamlet: Parallel Texts of the First and Second Quartos and First Folio*, he has also written articles and review essays on Shakespeare and his canon for various professional journals.

Robert Atwan is the founder and series editor of the annual collection *The Best American Essays*. He has edited many literary anthologies, including the two-volume *Chapters Into Verse: Poetry in English Inspired by the Bible*. His critical essays and reviews have appeared in periodicals nationwide.

Jon Roberts is a professor of English at St. Thomas Aquinas College, where he teaches courses on Shakespeare and the Renaissance. His poetry was selected for *The Best American Poetry 1991*, and he has recently edited with Robert Atwan, *Left, Right, and Center: Voices from Across the Political Spectrum*.

QPB READER'S SHAKESPEARE

T4-APV-099